



HUCKSTER'S TRICKS AROUSE ANNOYING SUSPICIOUS

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

The other day, when I went to deliver some vegetables to an old customer, I found her temporarily absent. In her place her father-in-law came out. He was there as a vacation visitor. I had never seen him before. Manifestly he had never heard much about me before. The one thing which struck me most forcibly during the process of exchanging vegetables for money was his frankly open suspicion of me and of everything I did.

He scrutinized every unit in every "bunched" handful; he watched carefully every measurement; he wanted to know there were surely fifteen pounds in the pile of potatoes which heaped the measure to the brim and so high above it that even he shook off a couple when he tried to lift it to empty into his own basket. He took the book out of my hand, when I had set down and added up the items, and re-added them himself before he passed the money to pay for them; when I made his change, he examined both sides of every coin to make sure it was honest money, and then added them all up again to assure himself that I hadn't over-reached him a cent or two.

Later, I learned that he did not mean to be offensive, but that he was a suburbanite who, in his own home, had to deal a good deal with peddlers of all sorts and who had come, from long experience, to be distrustful of their goods and of their measures and of their prices and of their tendency to "short-change" their customers.

I was a good deal irritated during his unconcealed scrutiny of my coins and my account and my change. When I found out the explanation I was much more disposed. Not so much with him as with my fellow peddlers and peddlers who had educated him into that state of mind.

Just think of it: Here was a man who had learned that he must count and examine every beet in a bunch to make sure that a cheating huckster had not skimped him a number or put in a bad one; that he must handle every measure before he was allowed to take it; that he must not be taken in by a dishonestly sealed one; that he must add up the bill for himself lest an extra nickel or dime might be squeezed out of him; that he must test every coin of change if he didn't want to be "stuck" with a bad quarter or a plugged half.

He had learned this by having all these games either actually played on him or tried on him. Manifestly, they had been tried on him so many times and by so many different hucksters that he had instinctively come to regard every man who came up to him as a probable cheat who must be watched and balked at every turn.

See-Whillikins! To say the very least!

I'm going to find out whether that man comes from New England, by the vicinity of New York. If the latter, his belief that everybody who has the chance will cheat him is not to be wondered at. If he comes from some New England point, I'm going to hunt up an old briar, as the handiest available substitute for sackcloth and straw, and give him a good thrashing. Then I'm going to sit half-an-hour on my front steps and let passing automobiles sprinkle me with spray and drifts of road-dust as a substitute for ashes.

Certainly, as myself a trucker and peddler, it's a situation which calls for either Hebraic sneaking and dodges or something as near as modern conditions will afford.

There's nothing inherent in fruit and vegetables to infect the souls of their distributors with dishonesty. There are no "apple pies" in the moral sense that sugar or salt. Why should those who deal in them be open to greater suspicion than those who deal in paints, oils, or cars and satins, or cambric and calico?

Say, brother farmer, here's something for you and I to investigate a little.

How do customers get into any such state of mind about us?

To tell you the honest truth, I don't believe it is so much farmers selling their own produce who have inspired this suspicion as hucksters who buy from speculators who have themselves bought from farmers. For illustration—

One of my neighbors raises a big crop of apples almost every year. Just before they're ready to pick the traveling buyers begin to appear. Just before they're ready to pick the traveling buyers begin to appear. Just before they're ready to pick the traveling buyers begin to appear.

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of potatoes. In the early days of the war, I had sent up from Texas, Norfolk, New Jersey—no one knows where. He has to take them as some unknown and irresponsible packer delivered them. Perhaps weeks before and a thousand miles away. He has to pay what the importer or exporter charges. Then he must sell them for enough to get his money back, pay his gasoline bill, and insure some sort of profit to himself for wages.

Last week he paid \$3.40 a barrel. He can't get ten full pecks out of a barrel. But he had to sell them at forty cents a peck to meet retail competition. That amounted to a barrel of potatoes for ten cents. If he only skimmed his pecks a little, so as to get ten cents on a peck or sixty cents on a barrel, it was a small enough profit. But you see he couldn't even get that if he gave really full measure to every peck.

What would you do, reader, if you were he?

For contra, the other day a real farmer who raises his own stuff and sells it direct to consumers in a neighborhood city, delivered a half-bushel of onions to one customer. The man took them, paid for them, and my neighbors drove on. Two minutes later he recalled that he had forgotten his basket, and so returned to get it. The buyer, who had not expected him to come back, was found on his knees on the barn floor measuring those onions in his own half-bushel. As my neighbor had given him a scriptural measure, "pressed down, shaken together, running over," he was having trouble in getting all the onions into that half-bushel. He had more than rounded it, he had heaped it, and was vainly trying to make the last half-bushel stay on the peaked apex. He had the grace when discovered to blush and to stammer out a lame excuse that he hadn't anything else but the half-bushel to put them in.

New London Wants Whistles Stopped

Much Annoyance to Residential District at Night—Much Needed Clean-up of Bradley Street—Unheard of Situation With no Candidate For State Office from This City.

(Special to The Bulletin.)

New London, August 25.—Complaints are being made against the blowing of locomotive whistles late at night and early in the morning by residents of the Pequot section and in Ocean, Montauk and Pequot avenues, on the ground that it is not necessary in connection with the operation of the trains and the safety of the public, nor does it will be discontinued by order of the railroad company and without any action on the part of the council of common council, as representatives of the city.

It was the custom years ago for the locomotives on all passenger trains on leaving or arriving at the passenger station, to blow their whistles, and then residents along Bank street were the sufferers. This custom became a nuisance, and appeal to the railroad officials was without success. Among the complainants was an old gentleman named John R. Thurston, prominent in the social and political life of the city and who, with a few others of prominence, brought the matter to the attention of the railroad commissioners. There was a public meeting in the council chamber of the old city hall, and as a result, the locomotives dropped the custom of sounding their whistles upon departure and arrival at the passenger station.

At that time the blowing of locomotive whistles at the station was considered just as necessary as the sounding of an excursion steamer upon arrival, to give warning of coming, and the sounding of the whistle before departure so that none of the passengers would get left. This railroad custom has long since passed away and the trains, and many more of them than in the old whistling days, come and go from New London and without the noisy and proven unnecessary locomotive whistling. If this night whistling by freight locomotives is not absolutely necessary, it ought to be stopped, and it probably will be after investigation by the railroad officials.

In response to the appeal made by the decent residents of Bradley street, the police have commenced the cleaning process, and the keepers of black-and-white dens of infamy have been ordered to quit or answer to criminal charges in the police court. In addition, the owner of the premises where these joints are located has been taken aside by Police Captain Haven and told plainly that unless he rides his premises from these objectionable tenements, that he too, will be called into court and given the limit of punishment for renting his premises for immoral and illegitimate purposes. The owner, told with alacrity, and within an hour after the side talk with Captain Haven, wrote of objection to the tenants and they were given from Wednesday to Saturday to vacate the premises, and at the same time they received police warning that they must abandon their present mode of living at once, or be punished to the fullest limit allowed by law.

Although when the gray haired and bald headed man of today walks down Bradley street was just as respectable as any other in the city, still for many years it has borne a most disreputable reputation and was known by name at least all over New England. The cleaning process began several years ago, and with some effort as far as Douglas street. But between Douglas and Federal streets, that section of Bradley street that was very select in the old days has been in the main devoted to these black and tan joints, where blacks and whites of the most

But I'm willing to bet that he never thought it needful to test the fullness of another measure of onions bought from that neighbor!

Some years ago, one customer of mine—a comparatively new one, then—was insistent that his peck of potatoes should weigh the legal fifteen pounds. I had measured them out, but she was evidently suspicious that they might be "short."

"Certainly, ma'am," said I, "glad to have you weigh them. I don't carry scales, but I see you have your own." So I dumped them back in a bag, weighed them, or rather let her weigh them on her own scales, emptied them again and weighed the bag. The potatoes netted seventeen pounds and a half. She didn't offer to return the two pounds and a half which she was getting for nothing. But she never hinted, after that, that she wanted me to weigh anything I sold her. And I judge from the amount and frequency of her orders that she bought all her potatoes from me, since that.

There are undoubtedly some farmers, just as there are some bankers and some lawyers and some in every calling, so small of soul and so immorally greedy that they can't be trusted out of sight of a detective. But I honestly do not believe that there is any very general desire on the part of actual producing farmers to overreach their customers. They may often be somewhat insistent on small matters, may be inclined "to take the half-cent," as the phrase goes, but considering how small the average farmer's money income is, it is not to be wondered that a cent looks bigger and more important to him than it may to his fatter-pocketed customer.

Anyway, insistence upon one's undoubted rights, even to the last penny, is not "mean," even though it may seem so to some people. It is not in the same moral category with false measures, stinted weights, over-charges and "short-changing."

The particular gentleman who set me on this train of thought by his candid suspicion of me, last week, got full measure, full count, correct bill and right change. And good stuff, too, fresh, succulent, sweet, "good as father used to raise."

I'm hoping to do a little business with him again, tomorrow. I'm curious to see whether or not there will be any change in his attitude. Whether he will appreciate the difference between a dealer who treats him on the square and those who have tried to get him "on the bias."

If he keeps up his suspicious behavior, I'm going to slip a magnifying glass into my pocket and, next bill he offers me, am going to take it to a good light, scrutinize it, and then make a feint of comparing my assumed discoveries with some private information on a slip from the back of my sales book.

Some people can be made to take a lot who are impervious to straightforward statement.

THE FARMER.

degraded type dwelt together in unity, or something like that. Robberies and assaults of night, and the occurrence and the section was shunned by people of respectability and observers of the statute laws and laws of morality and decency. It is a dirty place and should be given a thorough cleaning and fumigation.

That there is contest for the republican nomination for governor indicates that there is not the slightest chance of victory for the republican party in late coming election, as there is not a single candidate in the bunch that has not served a full apprenticeship in the game of politics, and a strange fact, which is that a New London county man has a finger in the gubernatorial pie. Two years ago there was no such thing as a successor of Governor Baldwin was elected. The nomination was brought to Judge Holcomb on a political platform and he was elected without any political work on his part. It seems a pity that some of the present aspirants did not read the handwriting on the wall of democracy at that time, and make a fight for the nomination. If this had been done they would not be stacking up against the present governor who is not adverse to renomination and reelection.

Frank Healey, of Windsor Locks, was among the earliest in the entering just about the time that Governor Holcomb was inaugurated, and as speaker of the house he made good with his speech, just as would any other skilled politician with a gubernatorial bee in his hat. Already the political mathematicians are figuring out just how many votes each of the candidates will receive, and before the delegates to the convention are selected, which may seem strange to the uninitiated, but is simply a matter of course to the party managers in the different sections of the state. As has always been the custom, the choice of the delegates will be known before they are chosen in caucus as delegates to the convention. The delegates do not always know this, that is not all of them, but it is fact just the same.

It is a foregone conclusion that no matter who may be nominated in the state convention, the republican will surely be elected. So it is up to the managers to decide upon the future of the party by putting on guard the men who are known to be the choice of the majority of the party, and not be guided by the pliability of candidates to do the bidding of those higher up in party affairs. It may be that the several factions, or rather the adherents of the several candidates, get into a real lively fight, that some good republican son from New London may step into the breach as a peacemaker and pick the plum.

EAST HADDAM

Grange Fair Given Up—Veterans' Association Entertained at Moodus.

Rev. Herbert W. Chaffee of Kansas occupied the pulpit in the Congregational church last Sunday morning.

Mr. George C. Chaffee, George Fuller and family, also Arthur Champlin and family, took a trip to Lyme Sunday in H. L. Clark's touring car.

Fair Given Up.

The Grange fair, which was to have been held September 13, has been called off by Health Officer Plumstead. There are cases of infantile paralysis in adjoining towns which makes it seem advisable to pursue this course.

BIG GALA OPENING BILL OF HEADLINE FEATURES

3--Big Keith Acts--3

ESTELLE and LOVENBERG and the NEARY BROTHERS

in "AROUND THE COMPASS"—A Vaudeville Minutiae. This Act Carries Its Own Scenery and Musical Director

IF YOU WANT TO HEAR SOME GOOD SINGING HEAR KITNER, TAYLOR, McCLAY in a Sparkling Scenic Singing Skit, "A BOARD SHIP" SPECIAL SCENERY NOVEL EFFECTS

PARIS & PERU European Eccentric Concertina Dancers and Jumping Marvels

TODAY KEITH VAUDEVILLE, TRIANGLE PLAYS—Charlie Chaplin in his Latest Comedy and a Funny Keystone

recently and purchased a nice pair of oxen from Walter M. Gillette.

The Veterans' association was entertained at Moodus.

Mrs. Hawkins and daughter, Lillian, were recent guests of friends in Hartford.

Miss Adele Kaufman has closed her summer school in Newark and is spending some time at their cottage, "Gargoyle," at Liberty Hill.

Two tobacco barns were raised in this locality last Saturday. Tobacco is looking well and a good crop is anticipated.

OCCUM AND VERSAILLES

Young Ladies of Parish Give Charming Entertainment for Benefit of St. Joseph's Church.

Saturday evening last, an excellent entertainment was given for the benefit of St. Joseph's church by the young ladies of the parish, each member of the cast showing exceptional ability. The young ladies' successful efforts won favorable comment from the large audience.

The stage plans were designed and carried out under the capable direction of Arthur Dea Sureault. The entertainment was directed by Mrs. Virginia Quinn.

Following was the cast program: A Voice of Authority—Margaret Whiting, a bride-to-be, engaged to Billy, Alice Thibault; Gladys Cushing, a butler, engaged to Charlie, Gertrude Colburn; Martha Stearns, a cook, engaged to Max, Mary Scriber; Priscilla Carter, a story writer, engaged to Ralph, Diana Foisy; Jean Campbell, a stenographer, engaged to Bert, Victor Scriber; Elizabeth Kennedy, independent, not engaged, "no dramatic," Cecilia Florence; Dr. E. T. Simpson, a physician, Beatrice Parr; The Ball of the coming state election, as powerful, P. Lavallee, Action Song, We'll Never Let Our Flag Fall, Miss Rose Blain, pantomime, The Star Spangled Banner, Miss Cecilia Florence; solo, Miss Gertrude Colburn; tableau, Home, Sweet Home.

Washington County, R. I. ROCKVILLE

Mrs. Ira L. Cottrell and Miss Ella M. Palmer Start For the West.

Mrs. Ira L. Cottrell and Miss Ella M. Palmer left last week for the west. They were to stop first in New York state to visit relatives of Mrs. Cottrell, after which they will go to Battle Creek, Michigan, where Miss Palmer is to enter Battle Creek sanitarium September 1st, to take a course for a trained nurse. Mrs. Cottrell will then return for a lengthy visit with relatives in Wisconsin.

Miss Mae Charnley has returned home from the Rhode Island hospital, where she has received treatment for several weeks.

Visited Scouts' Camp.

Governor Beechman visited the Boy Scout camp at Vawsook lake recently and inspected the camp. After dinner he was among the crowd of spectators at the ball game played by the scouts and a local team. The camp is now closed for the season.

Carl Crandall and family of Westerly are guests of Mr. Crandall's brother, Harold Crandall and family.

Emily C. Kenyon was a caller in Mrs. Annie F. Burdick of Hope Valley, who has been ill for several days. She is somewhat improved, and rode out for as this place Tuesday. She was accompanied by her nurse.

Mrs. Benjamin Kenyon, who has been ill, is better.

Dr. Butler of Woody Hill, called on her daughter, Mrs. Emily C. Kenyon, Tuesday.

USQUEPAUGH

New York Guest Dies Suddenly at the Home of O. W. Sherman.

Mrs. Ida Boyd and children of Providence returned home Wednesday after a visit with her sister, Mrs. William Palmer, Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary McHolson and son, of New York and Mr. and Mrs. called on their cousins Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bright Tuesday.

Mrs. C. D. Kenyon spent Monday and Tuesday in Providence.

Guest Dies Suddenly.

Monday night, about 9:45, Dr. Kenyon was called to O. W. Sherman's at West Kingston. Mrs. Sherman's cousin from New York, who was visiting her, was taken suddenly ill. She died before the doctor arrived, which was only about twenty minutes.

Mrs. Sarah Franklin has returned home, after a week's visit with her sister at Eschegash.

J. K. Lamond and Randolph Carpenter are on a canoeing expedition.

Mrs. M. Kenyon spent Wednesday at Westerly.

Grace Connell is entertaining her sister and children from Bridgeport, Conn.

J. S. Lamond attended the republican rally at Rock Point, Tuesday.

Frank K. Crandall was a caller at Westerly Wednesday.

The Ladies' Aid met at the church Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Mrs. Harless Metcalf of Providence, were callers here Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Webster of Westerly were visitors here Saturday afternoon.

HOPKINTON

William S. Mellen was at his summer home here over Sunday.

Faxing has been rushed since fair weather came and is now nearly completed.

Mrs. O'Dell and two daughters are guests of Mrs. William S. Mellen.

Miss Jennie Louise Blake has re-

THE DAVIS THEATRE BROADWAY

MONDAY STARTS OUR REGULAR SEASON

TRIANGLE PHOTO-PLAYS SPECIAL FOR THIS BILL—EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE WM. S. HART

IN THE FIVE-PART INCE PRODUCTION THE CAPTIVE GOD

TRIANGLE STAR SEEN IN STRIKING ROLE, HUGE AND UNUSUAL SETTINGS USED—A WONDERFUL FEATURE

FORD STERLING IN HIS LYING HEART A RIP ROARING ROLLOUTING TWO-REEL KEYSTONE

PRICES MATINEE ALL SEATS 10c ENTIRE LOWER FLOOR RESERVED 20c BALCONY 15c. GALLERY 10c

METRO PICTURES Breed Theatre

MONDAY AND TUESDAY THE CHARMING AND GIFTED YOUNG ACTRESS

Mabel Taliaferro in "THE SNOWBIRD"

Five Supremely Romantic and Thrilling Acts, Laid in the Picturesque Northland of the Hudson Bay District With Scores of Beautiful Scenes and Colorful Situation.

A Wonderful Play of Supreme Beauty and Sublime Heart Interest in Five Acts.

Today MAJESTIC ROOF EVERY FAIR NIGHT 7.30 TO 11 O'CLOCK

ELEVENTH CHAPTER MYSTERIES OF MYRA SERIAL PHOTO-PLAY

MUSICAL CLAIRE THREE—CABARET ENTERTAINERS

Jacobs' New York Society Orchestra for Dancing

NEW SHOW MONDAY | ADMISSION 15c

New London Fair and Races County

NORWICH, CONN., SEPTEMBER 4, 5, 6

Fast, Exciting and Unexcelled Racing

is promised by some of the best and fastest horses in the country. Steppers That Step Real Steps, Urged to Victory by Dauntless Drivers.

\$4,000 IN PURSES

MONDAY, SEPT. 4	TUESDAY, SEPT. 5	WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6
2.18 Pace... \$500	2.25 Pace... \$500	Free for All \$600
2.24 Trot... \$400	2.28 Trot... \$400	2.18 Trot... \$400
3 yr. old Colt \$300	2.12 Pace... \$500	2.15 Pace... \$400

Don't Fail To See the Intensely Interesting Conflicts between the Monarchs of the Home Stretch

SMALLPOX IN GREECE, BUBONIC PLAGUE IN EGYPT

Cholera Has Broken Out on the Island of Castelloriza.

Athens, Greece, Aug. 24.—The epidemic of infantile paralysis in New York is rivaled by an epidemic of cholera in Athens, that is taking a heavy toll of both children and adults in the city proper and in Piræus, the Port of Athens. Incidentally, Greek ships arriving from Alexandria report the spread of the bubonic plague in Egypt, and cholera has broken out in the island of Castelloriza, due to the arrival of refugees from Asia Minor. A quarantine has been established between the island and the ports of Greece.

The epidemic of smallpox in Athens has resulted in compulsory vaccination or re-vaccination, but it is difficult to carry out the orders as the supply of vaccine is limited, and the movement of the demobilized troops into the interior makes it difficult to combat the spread of the disease.

The remarkable feature of the epidemic is the reliance that is being placed upon the efficacy of one of the ancient charms, or images of Christ, the Ikon of St. Barbara of Nicomedia, in Asia Minor, has been brought with every pomp and circumstance from the ancient church of the convent of Daphni, near Athens, and set up in the church of Chrysospolitissa, in the quarter where the smallpox is most prevalent.

All morning, during the transportation of the holy Ikon the bells of every church in Athens and the Piræus tolled at regular intervals. The procession, afloat, along the sun-parched road that for five miles lies shaded across the Attic plain—the ancient "sacred way," so graphically described by Chateaubriand. The black robes of the priests were slowly whitened by the dust and little streams of sweat made irregular lines down the gray faces of those who formed the cortege bearing the sacred image.

The belief in the efficacy of the Ikon of Saint Barbara is very profound among the simpler Greeks. Especially is this true not only in Greece, but in other countries as well, where her day is celebrated on December fourth. St. Barbara was a virgin martyred in 255 A. D. during the persecutions which characterized the brief reign of the Roman Emperor Maximian; or, according to another version, her head was cut off by her own father, who had failed to persuade her to renounce Christianity. In the year 206, under the Emperor Galerius.

Still further evidence of the belief in the power of Ikon is seen in the preparations for the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the virgin of Tinos, which will be made on August 29. It is a belief current among the ordinary Greeks that the virgin saved the life of King Constantine I. last year when he hovered between life and death after an operation at the hands of two famous German surgeons. At a time when hope had practically been given up it was de-

ided to bring the sacred Ikon of the virgin of Tinos to the bedside of the sovereign. All along the entire route, peasants gathered and knelt at the roadside as the sacred image passed; and a minister in the antechamber of the royal palace marked on a special list the names of the thousands of Tinos who have a total income of \$100,000 per annum from the yearly pilgrimage, which is over in one day.

A ton of Campeche logwood, which is the best, is worth \$200.



TAKING THE POOR "KIDDIES" OUT FOR AN AIRING